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## JUNE BIRDS OF LARAMIE, WYOMING.

(THE STORY OF A VACATION TRIP.)

BY W. F. HENNINGER

My long desired vacation had come. For some time I had been looking for a new ornithological field, for one tires of sameness, besides I wished to study some species in nature in order to be able to describe them accurately in my work. So I had finally concluded to go to Wyoming and try my luck there. A careful perusal of Professors Knight's "Birds of Wyoming" convinced me that some work might be done there and some new observations might be made. May 26 found me on the train to Chicago where I spent a few delightful hours with my friend Eifrig and the next day I was speeding across the plains of Illinois, Iowa, and Nebraska.

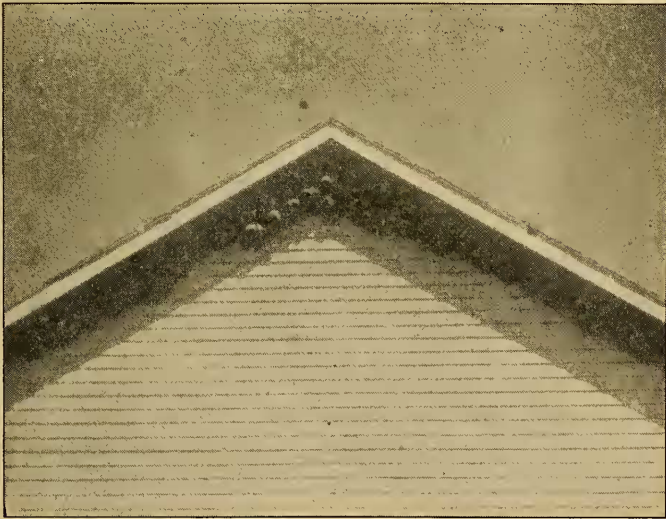
As the train left North Platte on the morning of the 28th and stopped at some smaller stations I saw the Western Meadowlark and heard for the first time its beautiful liquid note. Along the Platte river was a Great Blue Heron, a flock of wild ducks and a few Sandpipers, which I could not identify. Cheyenne was reached at 3 p. m., but it was on a later visit to this place on June 11th that I could see the Bronzed Grackle and the Red-headed Woodpecker of true Eastern species. The real climb towards the divide then

began and up on the crest, at Sherman, at the height of 2700 metres, I saw on a mountain meadow, through which a little brook gushed down the valley, the first Brewer's Blackbirds preening their glossy blue-black plumage in the sun. Close to the track were many gophers, prairie dogs and, as luck favored me, not more than 10 metres away sat a Burrowing Owl and looked undisturbed at the long overland train. And then we swung around a sharp curve to begin the descent into the Laramie Plains, 190 kilometres long, an almost perfect oval of dusty, dark green, rolling prairie, with a broad silvery band, the Laramie River meandering through its center. To the east rose the long sloping barren Laramie Mountains at the end of which in the hazy distance 96 kilometres away there stood the Laramie Peak 3650 metres high, while to the West a gloomy and dark wall of mountains, overtopped by a number of shining white crags and shimmering icy peaks, gilded by the sun's fiery rays seemed in their sublime and colossal majesty to forbid all attempts of frail man to conquer them.

And the train sped on. Back of us, to the South, Colorado's icekings formed a perfect barrier. Distance immense and endless before us to the North as the boundless prairie met our eyes. Down shot the train at terrific speed, then a squeaking of wheels, a hissing of airbrakes and slowly we rolled into the typical western town of Laramie. There my friend, Rev. O. Wichmann, who with his two sons Arthur and Gerhold helped me in many ways during my stay, met me and conducted me to my headquarters. On the way through town I was everywhere greeted by the merry twittering of the House Finches in their beautiful rose-colored garb, reminding me of the European Chaffinch, but alas! in the dusty street fighting and chirping, that miserable ruffian, the English Sparrow, who had come to stay.

In spite of the long and tiresome trip the cool mountain air and the glorious sun chased me out of bed rather early on the next morning and after the unpacking of my outfit I sauntered along some of the streets with their cotton-wood

trees, their sand and their general unfinished appearance. House Finches everywhere and I stood and watched them for hours. In the City Park a block away a Western Meadowlark was pouring forth its melody towards the sun's golden orb. A walk of two minutes and I was on the open prairie, gophers whisked away and running on the ground between their burrows, Desert Horned Larks. Slowly I wandered to the Union Pacific Ice Plant with its Reservoir and to the Laramie River. The unusually early spring had caused the waters to rise and the whole valley was overflowed. Desert Horned Larks and Meadowlarks seemed to be found on all sides and among them I saw my first McCowns Longspurs. A few steps farther and I ran on to a pair of the beautiful



Nests of Cliff Swallow.  
Laramie, Wyo., June 13, 1914.

Lark Buntings, a bird that is rather rare in this whole region west of the border chain of the Rockies. Now a new sight attracted my attention. Over the river a cloud of small birds was hovering and I hastened over there almost running

over a prairiedog, who slunk barking angrily away into his hole. The cloud swooped to my head and with perfect ease I could make out that it was Violet-green Swallows. New species on every side and I was hardly through making a good study of one, then another one would loom up and seemed to make the request to be studied and identified. At last I spied some old acquaintances: several Killdeer, one Greater Yellow-legs standing on guard like a German sentinel and another enormous flock of swallows alighting to gather up mud—Eave Swallows. Altogether I never did see as many swallows in all my life as I saw here in Laramie in four weeks. Finally I strolled towards my headquarters and there on a telephone post, warbling sweetly, though not very loudly, sat a Mountain Bluebird. I stood in perfect amazement. I looked again but across the street sat two more and farther on was another one warbling, and then I wondered what had induced my dear old friend Dawson to write in his "Birds of Washington" the entire song tradition of the Mountain Bluebird, including the "delightful warble" of Townsend appears to be quite without foundation etc." I sat down on a somewhat dilapidated lumber pile. I was going to watch those Bluebirds very closely. Altogether I watched three pairs of them and there was certainly a sweet delightful warble coming from those throats. So after all Townsend was right and Dawson is wrong. And I may add that I watched Bluebirds in Laramie every day during my stay and in Rev. Wichmann's yard where they built their nest the male would sing on top of the nesting box and warble often for 15 minutes at a time. *Yes indeed the Mountain Bluebird has a delightful warble*, although it does not quite come up to that of our eastern Bluebird in power and sweetness. At last I got back to the house and here in the yard was a White-throated and two White-crowned Sparrows but of course I could not make out whether it was *leucophrys* proper or the subspecies. Another short stroll added the Western Chipping and the Clay-colored Sparrows to my list of birds observed.

The town of Laramie itself furnished quite a number of species not found on the prairie or in the mountains. The first day I saw my only pair of Bullock's Orioles right in the cotton-wood trees and after that although I searched for them carefully I never saw them again. In town too was the only place I saw the Broad-tailed Hummer in the gardens among the flowers, the Hammond and the Alder Flycatcher, the Western Goldfinch, the Batchelder's Woodpecker and others.

May 30th found us on the road towards the Laramie Mountains. This was the warmest day I experienced, the



Nest and eggs of Wilson's Phalarope.  
Carroll Lakes, Wyo., June 12, 1914.

thermometer showing 82 degrees in the shade and the natives sweltered, while I of course thought it delightfully cool. At first we had two miles of gophers and prairiedogs with one Burrowing Owl, one Sparrow Hawk and innumerable Mourning Doves till we got to the City Springs. Here we ran on to a colony of Bank Swallows, a flock of Brewers Blackbirds, a Kingbird and a fine specimen of the Arkansas Kingbird. Just beyond the City Springs the bare rock stuck out and ran for about six miles in a kind of a barren plateau.



The solid rock was varied only by greasewood and cactus, with which I got a somewhat painful acquaintance at first, growing out of the crevices. To the right of us ran a long canyon, the sides of which were densely covered with greasewood and here I recognized at once the song of the Western Vesper Sparrow by its similarity to that of the eastern variety which exceeds it in sweetness. In between there arose a stronger, more trilling song and soon I noticed the performer, but he was exceedingly difficult to get at and identified it as a Brewer's Sparrow. Once known it is not quickly forgotten. We wandered on, the shrubs grew denser, great beds of flowers with the most intense and glowing colors, dark indigo blue, yellow, scarlet, red and white, in such exquisite purity as I had never seen them before, shone in the bright sunlight, and all of a sudden there burst forth from the dreary greasewood a song of great power and glory. I listened attentively. Surely they were Thrasher notes and at last I caught sight of the songster—a fine Sage Thrasher. I had read much about the vocal powers of this bird and he certainly is a fine songster. Still I would not place his best performance above that of a good Catbird. On the other hand in that sterile waste in which he lives he helps to put life, beauty and melody into a wilderness and that may have helped to extol his vocal powers somewhat above the standard which they really attain. But after all we should be thankful that he has been placed in these desolate places.

And again there was a change in the landscape. There was a peculiar odor in the air, great beds of sage appeared now and from the midst of it there came still another song not as powerful as that of the Sage Thrasher, but stronger and more beautiful than that of the Brewer's Sparrow. Everywhere in this region it was tinkling in the air and coupled with that of the Thrasher and the Brewer's Sparrow I had quite a concert. Their plain gray garb made identification easy and I had great delight in watching these Sage Sparrows. In all my travels through the Sage brush however I was unlucky in not finding that bird otherwise so com-

mon in Wyoming, the Sage Grouse, just as I missed the Blue Grouse of the Mountains.

Now the ground began to rise and the traveling became more laborious. As the echo of one of my shots rolled along the canyon a great Horned Owl flew out of a Juniper-tree up to the next canyon. Then came the first pines, one of them showing three holes, one occupied by a Sparrow Hawk, one by a Red-shafted Flicker and one by a swarm of bumblebees. Here we rested for a while, examined the nest of a Mourning Dove in the crevice of a rock down so deep that no prowling coyote could ever reach it, and saw two majestic birds come sailing over the crest of the nearest canyon, one of them alighting in a tree and enabling us to see that it was that glorious bird, the Ferruginous Rough-leg, a pair of which had their nest at the chimney rocks near the Colorado boundary 32 kilometres away. The canyon showed some steep sides farther up and in going down one of these we noticed that the Western Robins were to be found even up here 3000 metres high. On a dry limb overhanging a deep gorge sat a Townsend Solitaire unfortunately absolutely silent and although I had hoped to hear the song of this bird I was disappointed. Loudly scolding against my intrusion was a Rock Wren and from under my feet there slipped out the beautiful Green-tailed Towhee. While still watching him, right above me I heard the well known quavering note of the Warbling Vireo and in the pines at my side Audubon's Warblers flitted back and forth, Mountain Chickadees and Red-breasted Nuthatches were climbing and hopping from limb to limb. Quite a long time we whiled away here and studied these interesting forms of bird life.

Then came the descent, I not wishing to climb to the top at this time. Overhead sailed a Turkey Vulture and at some water hole on the plateau I shot a lone Mountain Plover, the only one I saw during my stay and I had been induced to believe through Knight's book that they were common all over the Laramie Plains. Tired from this tramp of some 48 kilo-

metres up and down the mountain sides we reached home without any further interesting observations.

Sunday I enjoyed an automobile trip to the State Fish Hatchery and of course was not surprised to find a Kingfisher there watching the brook trout with a covetous eye. Monday in a drizzling rain I concluded to try some of the swampy places almost within the city limits. Ringbilled Gulls, Mallards and an occasional Crow were flying over the river and at the first small pond I saw a fine female of the Wilson's Phalarope standing with head erect displaying its beautiful colors. A little farther on among a number of Red-winged



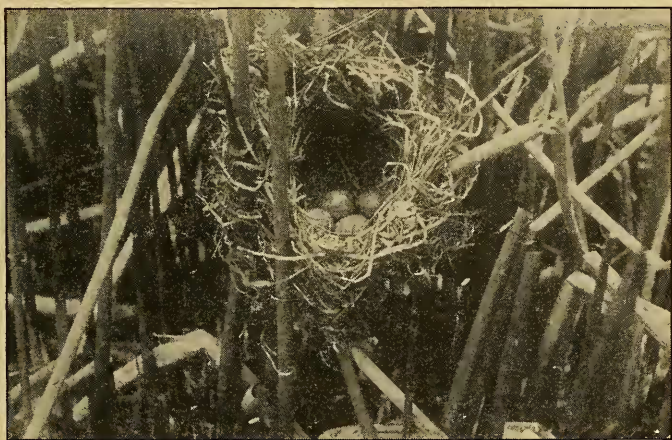
Nest of Yellow-headed Blackbird.  
Laramie, Wyo., June 6, 1914.

Blackbirds two more showed up, a pair, and then the air seemed to be alive with them. "Most exasperating fowl" Dawson calls them and to be sure they were. They came and they went, sometimes silently, sometimes with a melodious flute-like note. Now they were swimming gracefully, now gathering food with a continuous nodding of the head, again stalking along the shore eyeing everything with suspicion and then disappearing. I watched them for hours. When all had disappeared I walked ahead and here they were again



circling around me reminding me in their flight sometimes of the Woodcock and then again of the Teal. Truly their nest was there somewhere in this swampy overflowed tract of several hundred acres but it was futile to attempt to find it. Besides had not Milton S. Ray hunted for years before he found the nest, and had not Dawson despaired of ever finding it? Why should I be more fortunate?

The next few days I spent in preparing specimens, for the State Superintendent of Public Instruction, Miss Rose Bird Maley, had graciously granted me a permit for scientific collecting. And then I had to visit the Museum of the Wyoming University and there I surely met Wyoming's grand



Nest and eggs of Yellow-headed Blackbird.  
Laramie, Wyo., June 6, 1914.

old man in the person of Professor W. H. Reed, congenial and courteous in every way. It was a pleasure to listen to his stories of his participation in all of the Indian wars in this western region, or of his success in finding fossils and, surrounded by the monstrous Dinosaurs, to hear how he found the prehistoric Camel not larger than a Dachshund, how he discovered the only three heads of the Triceratops, the credit for which he never got in the works of those who used his

material. And how he does know the Mammals and Birds, the Insects and other animals of this region! Truly it was a revelation within itself to listen to this man and many thanks do I owe him for directing me and helping me in my work while out there. The University of Wyoming owes much to him indeed!

June 4th and the 6th found me out on the open prairie with Rev. Wichmann on a trip to Howell's Lakes. As we were driving over the barren waste to the northwest, flocks of Wilson's Phalaropes whirled over us from one side of the road to the other, and jackrabbits scampered along in unnecessary haste. All of a sudden from across the river there came a piercing scream and a powerful bird hurled itself into the air from a wall of old battlements and weather-scarred rocks. Straight at us he seemed to come with incredible swiftness. Over our heads he went like a thunderbolt and perhaps 200 meters away a poor Meadowlark was picked up by him, then a swoop upwards, another wild scream and like a meteor he vanished. About half an hour later and again the air was rent with this cruel scream. It seemed to breathe the unbridled spirit of this wilderness, which has its charms after all, and which all things here appear to be inspired with. It is in the wild winds of these steppes, in the grand and jumbled rocks, in the indestructible mountain grass, in the intense colors of the flowers, in the eagle's lofty flight, in the Antelope's fleeting form, in the coyote's doleful howl, in fact in everything, but nothing expresses it better than the Prairie Falcon's riotous, unrestrained scream, the gleaming ferocity of his eye and the unerring swoop of his mighty pinions. That is the charm of this region; this spirit of freedom and liberty. How ignoble a Swainson's Hawk appeared sitting on the earth mound of a Prairiedog, and yet we know how much more useful this ignoble bird is than the Prairie Falcon, that robber-knight in feathers!

At last we reached the Howell's lakes. I walked around two lakes, three lakes, four lakes and not a bird in sight, nothing but sage and jackrabbits. Then we drove home and

I got out to explore a little swampy tract. Wilson's Phalaropes galore and Red-winged Blackbirds with many nests. All of a sudden back of me a loud "clock." I swung around and there sat a beautiful male Yellow-headed Blackbird. I hastened to watch him and saw him disappear to the east along the big irrigation ditch. Just when I was getting ready to follow him Rev. Wichmann sang out: "A Magpie's nest" and sure enough in a cottonwood tree was the big structure with five young Magpies. What a time we had to photograph those little black and white imps and how the old ones came and protested against our actions till a well directed



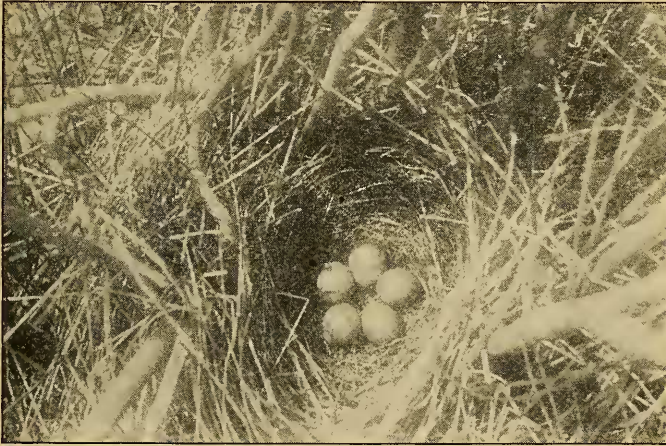
"The little black and white imps."  
Young Magpies.

shot caused one to come slowly to the ground mourned by some crows, who had a nest nearby with six young. And then we went after the Yellow-headed Blackbirds down the line. Two small waterpools with tules afforded us at least 30 nests with eggs and young and the usual noise. It was a great opportunity to study the life of this species and you can rest assured that I took advantage of it, altho in the terrific wind that was blowing it was quite a task to get good pictures. At last the sun went down and we returned home well satisfied with the observations of the day.

The next few days I spent in some of the smaller canyons, on the prairie and at Cheyenne on the east side of the Rockies. But on June the 12th the early morning found us out again for a longer trip to the Carrol lakes and Bamforth's lake. Along the road the same scenes as before, jackrabbits, badgers, prairiedogs, circling Phalaropes and on the telephone poles the Western Red-tailed Hawks, both old and young, absolutely fearless, watching for gophers and prairiedogs. Up on a long ridge we were driving and down in a kettlehole were two lakes and back of them, sloping down towards them as far as the eye could reach, irrigated territory. Two Shovelers went up before us, then a solitary Pintail and a pair of Blue-winged Teals. We reached the first lake and right over the landspit between the two lakes there came a beautiful long-legged bird and loud flutelike notes protested against our intrusion. He settled at the water's edge and I beheld one of the most beautiful and confident water birds of the West, an Avocet. We marched on and beheld a destruction that was indeed sad, Killdeer's eggs, duck eggs floating everywhere in the irrigated area, the nests washed away, hundreds of Yellow-headed Blackbirds nests, many destroyed and water-soaked. Then a call by my companion, Mr. Gerhold Wichmann, "nest with ten eggs"! I hurried over to him and sure enough there was the nest of a Yellow-headed Blackbird with 4 eggs of the owner and 6 of the Cowbird. That was quite a find and I collected the whole affair, but when I tried to save them at home I found it to be an impossibility for they were all too heavily incubated. And now we began to hunt for nests systematically, selecting a certain spot as a center and going away from it in ever widening spirals. We were coming close together when up went a Wilson's Phalarope and at the same time we spied the nest with 4 eggs. What mattered it that a vicious thunder-shower had come over from the Sheep Mountains and drenched us to the skin, the glorious sun and the brisk wind would dry that again. Here was a streak of luck and the pent up anticipation at last realized had to explode in a cry of exultant joy —



Mr. Wichmann said I yelled like an Arapahoe on the warpath, but that is sheer calumny—! It took only a little time to cut away the tules, to get the camera in position and I brought away as perfect a picture as was ever taken of the nest and eggs of this bird. What a triumph! Where even an expert like Dawson had failed, I a mere novice in this region, had been successful! I was still patting myself in great conceit when another winged form came across the horizon, ah!



Ground nest and eggs of Brewer's Blackbird.  
Carroll Lakes, Wyo., June 12, 1914.

my old friend from the Black Channel marshes of Sandusky, the Black Tern, and then another. Well! Prof. Knight had said that it was exceedingly rare in Wyoming as a migrant, here it was present in the breeding season, twenty of them, and a little later I found one of the eggs laid on a piece of floating but compact cowdung, a new record for the state of Wyoming. We splashed on through the watery meadows. Now a fine Cinnamon Teal attracted my attention, but here luck failed us, for I could not find the nest. Pintails and Shovellers were plentiful, but their nests were swamped. At last among the willows we found a colony of Brewer's



Blackbirds nests and here I again succeeded in getting a fine photo of a groundnest.

We returned to our wagon and on the way I observed a Long-billed Curlew, the only one I saw during my stay. Prof. Knight, in 1902, had written that they were common everywhere on the Laramie Plains, but Prof. Reed told me that that was true only at North Park and my observations proved that he was right. But now my companions, who could beat me in mountain climbing, were too tired from marsh wading to try the large Bamforth's lake. So I went down alone to this alkali lake which was perhaps 300 meters below us. The stiff breeze was lashing the dark waves and silvery white caps rolled along the shore, but on top of these there rode buoyantly a troop of at least 150 Eared Grebes, flapping their wings or turning on their sides and flashing their shining white breasts. Leaning on my faithful gun I looked at the scene and my mind went back to the days of 1891 when in far away Germany, when still in my teens, we could record for the first time the breeding of this species in the Prussian Ober Lausitz. Where were my friends of those days? One of them has turned a Dipterist, the other ones have abandoned the study of Ornithology long ago and only one besides myself is still actively engaged in bird work. I roused myself from my reveries and then my gun spoke, once, twice, enough for all scientific purposes. At the west end of the lake were the nests, but so far out that wading to them was out of the question and as I had no boat I had to let them go. Plenty of Avocets were flying about me and in the long grass farther back I found the nest of the Western Savanna Sparrow with two eggs but when I came back with my camera I could not locate it and had to let it go. Then we drove home with troops of McCowns Longspurs and Horned Larks circling about us. In the last slanting rays of the sun the bright chest patch of a large Swainson's Hawk was glistening like burnished gold, while in the distance three badgers were setting forth on a forage expedition.

The next day we went to the 7 mile and to the 9 mile

lakes but they brought nothing of special interest. Here the Avocets were even more common than on the previous day and hundreds of Killdeers took the place of the Phalaropes. Down at the river we drove right under a large Red-tailed Hawk and in a cottonwood grove where the mosquitos would not permit us to stay, I gathered in a specimen of the Wright's Flycatcher, while a nearby tool shed harbored 450 nests of the Eave Swallows. I was getting ready for a trip to the home of the White-tailed Ptarmigan when the dispatch came that called me home. But one more trip I had to take to the mountains, on June 16th.

With the rising sun we were out and soon the same birds were met as on all the previous trips. The notes of the Poorwill and the little Rocky Mountain Screech Owl heard the evening before were encouraging signs of good luck and barely had we reached the rocky mesa and I had shot a fat young jackrabbit when we were surrounded by a number of Western Nighthawks. From the canyons on all sides came the plaintive note of Say's Phoebe, the shriek of the Arkansas Flycatcher, the splendid song of the Sage Thrasher, the cheery tones of the Brewer's and the tinkling bellnotes of the Sage Sparrow. Harder and harder became the climb until we reached the pines for a rest. Audubon's Warblers were the most common of all and, lo! there was a Tanager note. High up on the dead limbs of an old gnarled pine sat a pair of Western Tanagers. I had looked for them faithfully along the river, in town, and at all places that seemed most likely to harbor them, all in vain, and here at last, where I least expected them they were. What splendid colors in the dark green foliage of the pines as they flitted back and forth. When I had satisfied my curiosity in regard to the Tanagers, several Arctic Towhees and Gray-headed Juncos demanded attention and I was only sorry that I did not have more time at my disposal. All of a sudden a great uproar in the whole bird world and slipping noiselessly from tree to tree I at last spied the evil-doer—a fine specimen of the Black-headed Jay. I had read that he is just as bad as his eastern cousin, and if

I judged the birds testimony right he certainly is, for they made a furious protest against him. As luck favored me today, nearby I saw that well known mountain bird, the "Camp robber," the Rocky Mountain Jay, but contrary to my expectations and what I had read, they were silent and so extremely shy that they would not allow a close approach. After listening to the fine love song of a Ruby-crowned Kinglet we climbed onto the summit about 3300 metres. Just as we were stepping out of the pines "Charr charr" went a voice, I turned to the south edge of the trees and there sat a somber colored bird and not far away two more. First the glass was brought into action and the bird watched carefully, then the gun spoke and a fine specimen of Clarke's Nutcracker lay in my hand. There were many of them here on the barren top above timberline, but the huge snowbanks observed on my previous visit had all melted long ago. And how I grieved that I did not have my butterfly net along when seeing such species as *Papilio bairdi* and *Melitca minuta*. Sitting on top of a huge granite boulder I looked down the precipitous wall of rock and then began to descend the 700 metres to Horse Creek to get some water. How we watched the Mountain Marmots, the Woodrats and Chipmunks, the Magpies and Ferruginous Rough-legged Hawks, the Audubon Warblers, how we searched through mountain heather and Sage brush for the Sage Grouse, all in vain, how a fierce storm caught us right on the mountain pass would take too long to tell. Down we came. When only about 200 metres away from us right at the City Springs two antelopes jumped up in plain view and stopped abruptly when I waved my kerchief at them, then bounded nimbly away. What fabulous luck! For 20 years none of these beautiful animals had been seen any closer to the city than 20 miles, and here I, a mere stranger, ran on to them only two miles from the city limits. I was in high spirits, forgotten was the long tramp of about 65 kilometres, forgotten the long laborious climb of 3500 metres, I was whistling an old cossack war song in great glee. Up went a flock of birds, another long chase and stealthy ap-

proach as the birds placed sentinels on some rocks, at last just one more shot and I held in my hand two males of the Lark Bunting, seen on my first day at Laramie and since then eluding me like a phantom.

And then the train took me East. How I rejoiced to see the first sturdy oak again and the first wheatfields, but still many a time since then I dream of the Prairiedog's bark, of the Prairie Falcon's exultant scream, of the Sage Thrasher's powerful melody, of the Avocet's flute-notes and the graceful forms of the Wilson's Phalarope, of the long undulating prairies, of the mountain crags and snowbanks, of the wild winds and fierce mountain storms, and long to set my foot again on the soil of the grand and glorious "Wild West."

## ANNOTATED LIST.

1. *Colymbus nigricollis californicus*—Eared Grebe. Common and breeding at the larger alkali lakes upon the Laramie Plains. On June 12th about 500 were seen at Bamforth's lake and two taken.

2. *Larus delawarensis*—Ring-billed Gull. Not common. Seen on May 29th and June 1st on Laramie River.

3. *Hydrochelidon nigra surinamensis*—Black Tern. Common at Bamforth's lake, where breeding on June 12th in irrigated area. Formerly considered migratory and rare.

4. *Anas platyrhynchos*—Mallard. Not common summer resident mostly along the Laramie river.

5. *Nettion carolinense*—Green-winged Teal. Fairly common summer resident along streams.

6. *Querquedula discors*—Blue-winged Teal. Common summer resident all over the Laramie Plains.

7. *Querquedula cyanoptera*—Cinnamon Teal. Common summer resident all over the Laramie Plains.

8. *Spatula clypeata*—Shoveller. Common summer resident all over the Laramie Plains.

9. *Dafila acuta*—Pintail. Summer resident, but not common. Found only at Bamforth's lake.

10. *Botaurus lentiginosus*—Bittern. Not common, seen along an irrigation ditch June 6th.

11. *Ardea herodias*—Great Blue Heron. Seen along the Laramie river. Not overly common.

12. *Porzana carolina*—Sora. Rare. Seen twice on June 1st, and on 12th at Bamforth's lake.

13. *Fulica americana*—Coot. Rare summer resident in the im-

mediate vicinity of Laramie, but common farther out on lakes and ponds.

14. *Steganopus tricolor*—Wilson's Phalarope. Exceedingly common at all swampy places, outranking the Killdeer. Nests with one egg and four eggs June 12th at Bamforth's lake.

15. *Recurvirostra americana*—Avoset. Common summer resident about all alkali ponds and lakes.

16. *Totanus melanoleucus*—Greater Yellow-legs. May 29th one specimen at the Laramie river.

17. *Totanus flavipes*—Yellow-legs. May 29th and June 1st at the Laramie river.

18. *Actitis macularia*. Rather common along the Laramie river.

19. *Numenius longirostris*—Long-billed Curlew. No longer common on the plains; only one specimen seen on June 12th at the Carrol's lakes.

20. *Oxyechus vociferus*—Killdeer. Common summer resident at all suitable places.

21. *Podasocys montanus*—Mountain Plover. Rare. Only one specimen taken and seen May 30th.

22. *Zenaidura macroura marginella*—Western Mourning Dove. Exceedingly common summer resident. Nest with two eggs found in the Laramie Mountains one meter down in a crevice.

23. *Cathartes aura septentrionalis*—Turkey Vulture. Fairly common summer resident.

24. *Circus hudsonius*—Marsh Hawk. Fairly common summer resident.

25. *Accipiter cooperi*—Cooper's Hawk. Rather rare. One seen May 30th in the mountains.

26. *Buteo borealis calurus*—Western Red-tail. Common and exceedingly useful hawk.

27. *Buteo swainsoni*—Swainson's Hawk. Very common and useful hawk.

28. *Aquila chrysaetos*—Golden Eagle. Common resident. Seen several times.

29. *Falco mexicanus*—Prairie Falcon. Common and exceedingly destructive hawk.

30. *Falco sparverius sparverius*—Sparrow Hawk. Common everywhere. I refuse to recognize the subspecies *phalana*. Specimens that are bleached have no right to be dubbed a subspecies.

31. *Otus asio marcelliac*—Rocky Mountain Screech Owl. Heard and seen in Laramie June 15th, 11 p. m.

32. *Bubo virginianus pallescens*—Western Horned Owl. Two specimens in a deep canyon May 30th.

32. 1. *Scototyto cunicularia hypogaea*—Burrowing Owl. Fairly common.

33. *Ceryle alcyon*—Belted Kingfisher. Common along wooded streams.



34. *Dryobates villosus monticola*—Rocky Mountain Hairy Woodpecker. One specimen seen June 16th in the mountains.
35. *Dryobates pubescens homorus*—Batchelder's Woodpecker. May 31st in dead cottonwood tree in town.
36. *Sphyrapicus varius nuchalis*—Red-naped Sapsucker. May 30th in the mountains at 2000 metres.
37. *Melanerpes erythrocephalus*—Red-headed Woodpecker. June 11th at Cheyenne, but not seen at Laramie.
38. *Colaptes auratus luteus*—Northern Flicker. Rare in the Laramie mountains in the pines.
39. *Colaptes cafer collaris*—Red-shafted Flicker. Very common summer resident up to 3000 metres.
40. *Phalacroptilus nuttallii*—Poor-will. Heard June 5th and 15th in the outskirts of the town.
41. *Chordeiles virginianus howelli*—Howell's Night-hawk. Common summer resident everywhere.
42. *Selasphorus platycercus*—Broad-tailed Hummingbird. Common summer resident; observed only in the town.
43. *Tyrannus tyrannus*—Kingbird. Rare. Only two seen May 30th at the City Springs.
44. *Tyrannus verticalis*—Arkansas Kingbird. Fairly common summer resident up to 2500 metres.
45. *Sayornis sayus*—Say's Phoebe. Common summer resident all over the plains.
46. *Myiochanes r. richardsoni*—Western Wood Pewee. Common only in the spruces and pines up to 3000 metres.
47. *Empidonax traillii*—Traill's Flycatcher. Not common, and in town only, June 1st, 4th, 8th and 9th.
48. *Empidonax minimus*—Least Flycatcher. Not common; found along the river courses.
49. *Empidonax hammondi?*—Hammond's Flycatcher. Rare. Apparently only in town.
50. *Empidonax wrightii*—Wright's Flycatcher. Not common. A specimen taken June 13th at the Laramie river.
51. *Otocorys alpestris leucolama*—Desert Horned Lark. The most abundant bird of Wyoming.
52. *Pica pica hudsonia*—Magpie. Common. Nest with five young June 6th on the plains.
53. *Cyanocitta stelleri annectens*—Black-headed Jay. Fairly common in the pines of the mountains.
54. *Perisoreus canadensis capitalis*—Rocky Mountain Jay. Seen only on June 16th in the mountains, where very shy and not common.

55. *Corvus brachyrhynchos*—Crow. Not common resident. Nest with six young June 6th.

56. *Nucifraga columbiana*—Clark's Nutcracker. Common in pine forests of the mountains to timberline.

57. *Dolichonyx oryzivorus*—Bobolink. Seen only at Cheyenne June 11th in the city limits.

58. *Molothrus ater*—Cowbird. This miserable pest is increasing rapidly. I destroyed many eggs and found one nest of the Yellow-headed Blackbird with four eggs of the owner and six of the cowbird on June 12th at Carrol's lakes.

59. *Xanthocephalus xanthocephalus*—Yellow-headed Blackbird. Very common summer resident, breeding all over the plains in marshy places up to 2600 metres. I found hundreds of nests with fresh and incubated eggs and young in all stages.

60. *Agelaius phoeniceus*—Red-winged Blackbird. Common summer resident, but not near as much as the preceding.

61. *Sturnella neglecta*—Western Meadowlark. Abundant summer resident.

62. *Icterus bullocki*—Bullock's Oriole. Rare. A pair seen May 29th in town.

63. *Euphagus cyanocephalus*—Brewer's Blackbird. Common summer resident. Breeding in the willows along the river, smaller streams and irrigating ditches. A female shot June 4th had five spiders in its bill. Nests with four and five eggs.

64. *Quiscalus ancus*—Bronzed Grackle. Seen only at Cheyenne on June 11th, but not in Laramie.

65. *Carpodacus mexicanus frontalis*—House Finch. Common summer resident; four eggs on June 1st, five young June 18th.

66. *Astragalinus tristis pallidus*—Pale Goldfinch. Common, but in town only.

67. *Spinus pinus*—Pine Siskin. A flock in the mountains May 30th, where they certainly breed.

*Passer domesticus*—English Sparrow. Common.

68. *Rhynchophanes mecownii*—McCown's Longspur. This beautiful bird is common at suitable places.

69. *Poæctes gramineus confinis*—Western Vesper Sparrow. Common at the lower elevations.

70. *Passerculus sandwichensis alaudinus*—Western Savanna Sparrow. Not common summer resident. Nest with two eggs on June 12 at Bamforth's Lake.

71. *Chondestes grammacus strigatus*—West Lark Sparrow. Not common summer resident.

72. *Zonotrichia leucophrys*—White-crowned Sparrow. Seen in

town May 29th, but whether this species or the subspecies *gambeli* could not be ascertained.

73. *Zonotrichia albicollis*—White-throated Sparrow. Seen on May 29th in town.

74. *Spizella passerina arizona*—Western Chipping Sparrow. Common summer resident.

75. *Spizella pallida*—Clay-colored Sparrow. Not common summer resident. Noticed in town only and its outskirts.

76. *Spizella breweri*—Brewer's Sparrow. In the greasewood bushes of the canyon and the mesa. Common.

77. *Junco phænotus caniceps*—Gray-headed Junco. Common summer resident in the pines at 2500 to 3000 metres.

78. *Amphispiza n. nevadensis*—Sage Sparrow. Common summer resident in the sagebrush in mountains.

79. *Melospiza melodia montana*—Mountain Song Sparrow. Common summer resident.

80. *Pipilo maculatus arcticus*. Summer resident in mountains June 16th.

81. *Orcospiza chlorura*—Green-tailed Towhee. Common summer resident in mountains.

82. *Calamospiza melanocorys*—Lark Bunting. Rather rare. A pair May 29th, 31st, June 13th and a flock of fifteen on June 16th. when two males were taken.

83. *Piranga ludoviciana*—Western Tanager. Seen only in the mountains, at 3000 metres, on June 16th.

84. *Progne subis*—Purple Martin. Seen at Cheyenne only on June 11th.

85. *Petrochelidon l. lunifrons*—Cliff Swallow. Abundant. Nests by the hundreds.

86. *Hirundo erythrogastra*—Barn Swallow. Common only on the plains.

87. *Iridoprocne bicolor*—Tree Swallow. Rare. Only a few pair seen.

88. *Tachycineta thalassina lepida*—Northern Violet-green Swallow. Seen only on May 29th, but then in immense numbers along the Laramie river.

89. *Riparia riparia*—Bank Swallow. Very common breeder along creek banks and suitable places.

90. *Ampelis cedrorum*—Cedar Waxwing. Seen in the mountains, three big flocks.

91. *Vireo gilvus*—Warbling Vireo. Common, but found in the mountains only.

92. *Dendroica aestiva*—Yellow Warbler. Seen in town only, and there it was rare.

93. *Dendroica auduboni*—Audubon's Warbler. Common summer resident in the mountains.

94. *Oporornis tolmiei*—Macgillivray's Warbler. Common summer resident in dense brush on the sides of canyons.

95. *Geothlypis trichas occidentalis* — Western Yellow-throat. Found June 13th along the Laramie river.

96. *Icteria virens longicauda*—Long-tailed Chat. Rare. Found June 13th along the Laramie river.

97. *Oroscoptes montanus*—Sage Thrasher. Common summer resident in the sagebrush country.

98. *Salpinctes r. obsoletus*—Rock Wren. Common summer resident in the mountains.

99. *Sitta canadensis*—Red-breasted Nuthatch. Not common in the Laramie mountains.

100. *Parus gambeli*—Mountain Chickadee. Common in the pines in the mountains.

101. *Regulus calendula*—Ruby-crowned Kinglet. Fairly common high up in the pine region of the mountains.

102. *Myadestes townsendii*. Townsend's Solitaire. Observed May 30th at 3000 metres. Common.

103. *Planesticus migratorius propinquus*—Western Robin. Abundant summer resident.

104. *Sialia curruoides*—Mountain Bluebird. Abundant summer resident.

105. *Archibuteo ferrugineus*—Ferruginous Rough-leg. Common. Seen May 30th, June 12th and 16th.

Time spent in Laramie: May 28th to June 21st, 1914. Thoroughly explored the region which has Laramie as a center and a radius of 24 kilometers. My thanks are due Miss Rose Bird Maley, State Supt. of Public Instruction at Cheyenne, Professor W. H. Reed of the University, Rev. O. G. Wichmann and his two sons Arthur and Gerhold and Mr. Richard Eberhard the local game warden for much help in many ways.